

Anne Bailey's Ride—A Legend of the Kanawha

By CHARLES ROBB, U. S. A.

The army lay at Gauley Bridge,
 At Mountain Cove and Sewell Ridge;
 Our tents were pitched on hill and dell
 From Charleston Heights to Cross Lane Fell;
 Our camp-fires blazed on every route,
 From Red House point to Camp Lookout;
 On every rock our sentinels stood,
 Our scouts held posts in every wood
 And every path was stained with blood
 From Scary Creek to Gauley Flood.

'Twas on a bleak autumnal day,
 When not a single sunbeam's ray
 Could struggle through the dripping skies
 To cheer our melancholy eyes,
 Whilst heavy clouds like funeral palls,
 Hung o'er Kanawha's foaming falls,
 And shrouded all the mountains green
 With dark foreboding's misty screen.

All through the weary livelong day
 Our troops had marched the mountain way;
 And in the gloomy eventide
 Had perched their tents by the river side;
 And as the darkness settled o'er
 The hill and vale and river shore,
 We gathered 'round the camp-fire bright
 That threw its glare on the misty night.

And each some tale or legend told
 To while away the rain and cold,
 One spoke of suffering and of wrong,
 Another sang a mountain song!
 One spoke of home and happy years,
 Till down his swarthy cheeks the tears
 Slow dripping, glistened in the light
 That glared upon the misty night.

One a tale of horror told
 That made your very blood run cold;
 While others sat in silence deep,
 Too sad for mirth, yet scorned to weep.
 Then spoke a hardy mountaineer,
 (His beard was long, his eye was clear,
 And clear his voice of metal tone,
 Just such as all would wish to own).

I've heard a legend old, he said,
 Of one who used these paths to tread,
 Long years ago when fearful strife
 Had havoc made of human life;
 A deed of daring brave'y done,
 A feat of honor nobly won;
 And what in story's most uncommon
 An army saved by gentle woman.

The settlers, pale faced, all had fled
 Or murdered were in lonely bed!
 Whilst hut and cabin, blazing high,
 With crimson decked the mid-night sky.
 And day by day the siege went on,
 Till three weary weeks were gone.
 The word was whispered soft and slow,
 The "magazine was getting low."
 They loaded their rifles one by one,
 And then—"the powder was all gone!"

They stood like men in calm despair,
 No friendly aid could reach them there;
 One forlorn hope yet still remained
 And distant aid might yet be gained,
 If trusty messenger should go,
 Through forest wild and savage foe,
 And safely there should bear report
 And succor bring from distant fort?

And who should go—the venture dare?
 The woodsman quailed in mute despair,
 But one who stood amid the rest,
 The bravest, fairest, and the best
 Of all that graced the cabin hall,
 First broke the spell of terror's thrall.
 The sacrifice her soul would make
 Her friends to save from brand and stake.

A noble charger standing nigh,
 Of spirit fine and mettle high,
 Was saddled well, and girded strong
 With cord and loop, and leathern thong.
 Her pathway up the valley led,
 Like frightened deer the charger fled,
 Still on and on through pathless wood,
 And swim the Gauley's swollen flood.

Still onward held their weary flight
 Beyond the Hawk's-nest dizzy height:
 And bravely rode the woman there,
 Where few would venture, few would dare.
 Far in the distance, dim and blue,
 The friendly fort arose in view.
 The succor then so nobly sought,
 To Charleston Fort was timely brought,
 Whilst Justice on the scroll of fame,
 In letters bold, inscribed her name.

(A Fragment from the History of Anne Bailey
 by Hon. Virgil A. Lewis.)

Gauley Bridge, Virginia, Nov. 7, 1861.



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AUNT SALLY LOWERY, said to be a witch in Wyoming County, had no home of her own, but traveled from house to house expecting to be fed. On one occasion, according to Virgil A. Cook, she visited the house of his grandmother, Mrs. Julia Ann Laxton. She complained that the coffee which she had been served was weak and was told, "anyone who goes from house to house; like you do, should be satisfied with what they get." This so riled Aunt Sally that she walked out of the house. As she passed the family cow she waved her cane over its head and tapped her on the horns. The poor animal immediately dropped lifeless to the ground.

BAILEY, Anne (1742-1825) was born in Liverpool, England, about 1742. There is no certainty about the identity of her mother. Her father was an English soldier by the name of Hennis, who fought at the battle of Blenheim under the banner of Queen Anne for whom he expressed his devotion in the name of his heroic daughter.

Apparently Anne was the only member of the family who found her way to the New World. How Anne made the transfer from the old world to the new is not clearly known. A new world is always appealing to the adventurous. The girl of dreams and action determined that she would reach a family of friends or distant relatives who lived in the Staunton, Virginia, neighborhood. By some means she secured passage on a Virginia bound vessel and after the usual tedious ocean journey of those days she reached the Virginia shores. The final lap of her journey is not described in



ANNE BAILEY

A sketch from an artist's portrait, one of the most familiar of the likenesses of the Border heroine.

the fragmentary records that exist, but she probably walked a good part of the route from the coast to the inland settlement at Staunton. In her new conditions she found a challenge, and to that challenge she reacted in such a way as to develop the powers of her latent personality. There were neither libraries nor drawing rooms in the new country, but there was an unspoiled creating and a nascent civilization, both of which offered obstacles and opportunities. She ignored the obstacles and accepted the opportunities as far as she could understand them. She developed a character that was crude but capable. She was ready to undertake the best life circumstances permitted.

Not long after taking up her residence with the Bells in the new Virginia she came in contact with a rugged young frontiersman by the name of Richard Trotter, who had just returned from



CAST OF *THE WHITE SQUAW*

The cast of Richard Scott Russell and Jack Zierold's West Virginia folk musical, *The White Squaw*, based on the life of Anne Bailey, included Paul Clark as John Bailey, Anne's second husband; Karen Bowen as Anne herself; Jim Stone as Richard Trotter, Anne's first husband; and Susan Morton (in back) as Ida Man, Anne's friend and companion.

Braddock's ill-fated expedition against the French. A courtship followed and a little later there was a "backwoods" wedding. This union of two aggressive lives continued from 1765 till terminated by death on October 10, 1774, when the husband fell a victim of an Indian bullet in the bloody battle of Point Pleasant. The fall of her husband fired the fighting blood in her veins, and she resolved to fill the place made vacant by his death as far as possible. Lodging her seven year old son with a neighbor, Mrs. Moses Mann, she took up the

duties of a scout and extended her service among the rangers all the way from the Potomac on the north to Roanoke on the south. Then, in 1778, Fort Savannah, situated where Lewisburg now stands, was built as a western outpost. She became a messenger between the upper Shenandoah settlements and Fort Savannah. Finally she extended her expeditions to Fort Randolph, at Point Pleasant, the scene of her husband's last fight.

In her scout duty she became acquainted with John Bailey, a ranger, who wooed and won her.

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A SCENE FROM *THE WHITE SQUAW*

A scene from the folk musical which told the story of Anne Bailey's life as given on the stage of the Abbott Theatre in Huntington.

They were married at Lewisburg, November 3, 1785, by the Rev. John McCue.

After their marriage, Bailey and his bride traveled west and joined the colony at Fort Clendenin, located on the present site of Charleston. At that time there were no settlers between Point Pleasant and Charleston, and few, if any, between Charleston and Lewisburg. During the year 1791, the scouts discovered signs of a general Indian attack on the Kanawha settlements. How serious the threat was may be reckoned from the letters of Thomas Lewis, commander of Fort Randolph, Col. George Clendenin, and Daniel Boone, lieutenant-colonel of Kanawha County, begging for assistance. Finally lurking Indians were discovered among the hills about Fort Clendenin, evidently planning a siege.

An inspection revealed the intelligence that the fort could not muster enough powder to withstand a siege. Colonel

Clendenin proclaimed the gravity of the situation and asked for volunteers to make the trip to Fort Savannah, their source of supplies, a hundred miles distant. The men of the garrison hesitated but Anne Bailey stepped forward and offered her services. She was provided with the best riding horse in the stockade and promptly set out on her perilous journey. Riding all day and through the night she reached her destination in record time. Her stay was short. She was given an extra horse with a supply of powder and started on her return trip which was equally successful. Her signal achievement thrilled the men of the garrison who went forth the next day after her return, and drove the Indians out of the community. In appreciation of her gallant services at a critical time, she was given the horse on which she made the trip. She was proud of her gift and fondly kept and cared for the animal for many years. In loving memory of her old world

birthplace, she named her horse "Liverpool."

Anne Bailey maintained her residence in the Kanawha Valley some twenty-seven years, then at the earnest solicitation of her son who had moved to Ohio, she took up her residence in that state where she died in the year 1825. She was buried in what is known as the Trotter graveyard near Gallipolis. In later years the remains were re-buried in Point Pleasant. See "White Squaw," in *West Virginia Songbag*.

BALDWIN, Ann E., widow of Rev. Charles R. Baldwin, was one of the leaders in organizing the West Virginia Conference of the Methodist Church. At the General Conference of the Church in 1848 in Pittsburgh, the question of creating a West Virginia conference was hotly debated. Mrs. Baldwin, who was in favor of the move, persuaded Henry Logan, of Parkersburg, a man of weight and influence in the church, to accompany her to the Conference. Mrs. Baldwin was a fluent speaker, and she did most of the arguing in favor of the new Conference, with Mr. Logan's prestige behind her to add force to her words. They were successful and on July 4, 1848, the West Virginia Conference was inaugurated, although Wheeling District was left in the Pittsburgh Conference for a time. Mrs. Baldwin is sometimes referred to as "Mother Baldwin," because she was the "mother" of the West Virginia Conference.

BARTLETT, Anna Latham, a world-famous, prize-winning sculptress, was born in Grafton, the daughter of General George Robert Latham, one of the founders of West Virginia and a U.S. Congressman.

She began sculpting at the age of 57, after her only son, Frank, was killed in a World War I battle

in France. She entered the Maryland Institute of Art in Baltimore and began her artistic career. For materials Mrs. Bartlett used clay which she dug from a ditch near her home. Many of her subjects were famous West Virginians, or caricatures of "typical" West Virginia people: The Mountain Madonna, The Moonshiner, The Woman at the Churn, etc.

In his book *Handicraft of the Southern Mountains*, Allen Eaton wrote of her: "A unique and individual product . . . often the appearance of majolica . . . completely original . . . reminds one sometimes of the craftsmanship of the Swiss and Germans a century ago."

She won a gold medal from the Maryland Institute of Art, First Prize at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition in Pittsburgh, where her ranking made West Virginia second among the 48 states; gave exhibitions at White Sulphur Springs and at the New York World's Fair in 1939.

Mrs. Bartlett died in 1948 in Buckhannon, where she had lived much of her life. Her figurines have become collectors' items and are sought everywhere, (picture on next page.)

BATEMAN, Mildred M., Director of the West Virginia Department of Mental Health, was born in Georgia.

She received her undergraduate degree from Johnson C. Smith University in Charlotte, North Carolina, and her M.D. in 1946 from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania. In 1955 she completed a three-year psychiatric residency and fellowship at the Menninger School of Psychiatry at Topeka, Kansas. She received a Distinguished Alumna Award from the Menninger School

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ANNE BAILEY

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ANNE BAILEY'S RIDE.

Of all the celebrated characters of Pioneer Times, there were none more remarkable than Anne Bailey, the Pioneer Heroine of the Great Kanawha Valley. Her maiden name was Hennis and she was born in Liverpool, England, in the year 1742. When she was in her nineteenth year, her parents both having died, she crossed the ocean to find relatives of the name of Bell, then (1761) residing near Staunton, Virginia. Here soon after (1765) she wedded Richard Trotter, a distinguished frontiersman and a survivor of Braddock's Defeat.

A cabin was reared near where Swope's Depot on the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway now stands, and there in 1767 a son, William, was born. The year 1774, brought with it Dunmore's War and Richard Trotter enlisted in General Lewis' army and at the battle of Point Pleasant, October 10, 1774, yielded up his life in an attempt to plant civilization on the banks of the Ohio.

From the moment the widow heard of her husband's death, a strange, wild fancy seemed to possess her, and she resolved to avenge his death. Leaving her little son to the care of a neighbor, Mrs. Moses Mann, she at once entered upon a career which has no parallel in Virginia annals. Clad in the costume of the border, she hastened away to the recruiting stations, where she urged enlistments with all the earnestness which her zeal and heroism inspired. Then she became a nurse, a messenger, a scout, and for eleven years she fearlessly dashed along the whole western border, going wherever her services required, and thus the wilderness road from Staunton to Point Pleasant was all familiar to her.

November 3, 1785, at Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county; she was married a second time, her husband being John Bailey, a distinguished frontiersman from the Roanoke river. Fort Lee, was erected by the Clendenins on the present site of the city of Charleston in 1788-9, and to it John Bailey and his heroic bride at once removed.

In 1791 the fort was besieged by a large body of Indians, and to the terror of the garrison, it was found that the supply of powder in the magazine was almost exhausted. A hundred miles of wilderness lay between Fort Lee and Lewisburg, the only place from which a supply of powder could come. Colonel George Clendenin, the commandant at Fort Lee, asked for volunteers to go to Lewisburg, but not a soldier in that garrison would brave the task. Then was heard in a female voice the words "I WILL GO," and every inmate of the fort recognized the voice of Anne Bailey.

The fleetest horse in the stockade was brought out and the daring rider mounted and disappeared in the forest. Onward she sped. Darkness and day were one to her. It was a ride for life and there could be no stop. Lewisburg was reached: the

with two horses laden with powder. The garrison in Fort Lee welcomed her return, and she entered it, as she had left it, under a shower of balls. The men thus supplied, sallied forth and forced the savages to raise the siege.

That ride has been commemorated in song as well as story. Charles Robb, of the United States Army, was at Gauley Bridge, in 1861, and having learned the story from the mountaineers, wrote the following, which at the time, appeared in the *Clermont, (Ohio) Courier*:

ANNE BAILEY'S RIDE—A LEGEND OF THE KANAWHA.

BY CHARLES ROBB, U. S. A.

The Army lay at Gauley Bridge,
At Mountain Cove and Sewell Ridge;
Our tents were pitched on hill and dell
From Charleston Height to Cross Lane fell;
Our camp-fires blazed on every route
From Red House point to Camp Lookout;
On every rock our sentries stood,
Our scouts held post in every wood,
And every path was stained with blood,
From Scary creek to Gauley flood.

'Twas on a bleak autumnal day,
When not a single sunbeam's ray
Could struggle through the dripping skies
To cheer our melancholy eyes—
Whilst heavy clouds, like funeral palls,
Hung o'er Kanawha's foaming falls,
And shrouded all the mountain green
With dark, foreboding, misty screen.

All through the weary livelong day
Our troops had marched the mountain way;
And in the gloomy eventide
Had pitched their tents by the river's side;
And as the darkness settled o'er
The hill and vale and river shore,
We gathered around the camp-fire bright,
That threw its glare on the misty night;
And each some tale or legend told
To while away the rain and cold.
Thus, one a tale of horror told
That made the very blood run cold;
One spoke of suffering and of wrong;
Another sang a mountain

One spoke of home and happy years,
Till down his swarthy cheek the tears
Slow dripping, glistened in the light
That glared upon misty night;
While others sat in silence deep,
Too sad for mirth, yet scorned to weep.

Then spake a hardy mountaineer—
(His beard was long, his eye was clear;
And clear his voice, of metal tone,
Just such as all would wish to own)—

“I’ve heard a legend old,” he said,
“Of one who used these paths to tread
Long years ago, when fearful strife
Sad havoc made of human life;
A deed of daring bravely done,
A feat of honor nobly won;
And what in story’s most uncommon,
An army saved by gentle woman.

“’Twas in that dark and bloody time*
When savage craft and tory crime
From Northern lake to Southern flood
Had drenched the western world with blood.
And in this wild, romantic glen
Encamped a host of savage men,
Whose mad’ning war-whoop, loud and high,
Was answered by the panther’s cry.
“The pale-faced settlers all had fled,
Or murdered were in lonely bed;
Whilst hut and cabin blazing high,
With crimson decked the midnight sky.

“I said the settlers all had fled—
Their pathway down the valley led
To where the Elk’s bright crystal waves
On dark Kanawha’s bosom laves,
There safety sought and respite brief,
And in Fort Charleston found relief;
Awhile they bravely met their woes,
And kept at bay their savage foes.

“Thus days and weeks the warfare waged,
In fury still the

The word was whispered soft and slow,
The magazine was getting low.
They loaded their rifles one by one,
And then—*the powder was all gone!*
They stood like men in calm despair,
No friendly aid could reach them there,
Their doom was sealed, the scalping knife
And burning stake must end the strife.
One forlorn hope alone remained,
That distant aid might yet be gained
If trusty messenger should go
Through forest wild, and savage foe,
And safely there should bear report,
And succor bring from distant fort.
But who should go—the venture dare?
The woodsmen quailed in mute despair,
In vain the call to volunteer;
The bravest blanched with silent fear.
Each gloomy brow with labored breath,
Proclaimed the venture worse than death.
Not long the fatal fact was kept;
But through the Fort the secret crept
Until it reached the ladies' hall,
There like a thunderbolt to fall.
Each in terror stood amazed,
And silent on the other gazed;
No word escaped—there fell no tear—
But all was hushed in mortal fear;
All hope of life at once had fled,
And filled each soul with nameless dread.
*But one** who stood amid the rest,

And half in hope and half in fear,
She whispered in her husband's ear,
The sacrifice her soul would make
Her friends to save from brand and stake.
A noble charger standing nigh,
Of spirit fine, and metal high,
Was saddled well, and girted strong,
With cord, and loop, and leathern thong,
For her was led in haste from stall,
Upon whose life depended all.
Her friends she gave a parting brief,
No time was there for idle grief;
Her husband's hand a moment wrung,
Then lightly to the saddle sprung;
And followed by the prayers and tears,
The kindling hopes, and boding fears
Of those who seemed the sport of fate,
She dashed beyond the op'ning gate;
Like birdling free, on pinion light,
Commenced her long and weary flight.

“The foemen saw the op'ning gate,
And thought with victory elate
To rush within the portal rude,
And in his dark and savage mood
To end the sanguinary strife
With tomahawk and scalping knife.
But lo! a lady! fair and bright,
And seated on a charger light,
Bold—and free—as one immortal—
Bounded o'er the op'ning portal.
Each savage paused in mute surprise,
And gazed with wonder-staring eyes,
'A squaw! a squaw!' the chieftain cries,
(‘A squaw! a squaw!’ the host replies:)
Then order gave to ‘cross the lawn
With lightning speed and catch the fawn.’

Along the rough, uneven way,
The pathway of the lady lay;
Whilst long and loud the savage yell
Re-echoed through the mountain fell.
She heeded not the dangers rife,
But rode as one who rides for life;
Still onward in her course she bore
Along the dark Kanawha's shore,
Through tangled wood and rocky way,
Nor paused to rest at close of day.
Like skimming cloud before the wind
Soon left the rabble far behind.
From bended tree above the road
The flying charger wildly trode,
Amid the evening's gath'ring gloom,
The panther's shriek, the voice of doom
In terror fell upon the ear,
And quickened every pulse with fear.
But e'en the subtle panther's bound,
To reach his aim to slow was found,
And headlong falling on the rock,
Lay crushed and mangled in the shock.
The prowling wolf then scents his prey,
And rushing on with angry bay,
With savage growl and quickening bound
He clears the rough and rugged ground;
And closing fast the lessening space
That all to soon must end the race,
With sharpened teeth that glittered white
As stars amid the gloomy night—
With foaming jaws had almost grasped
The lovely hand that firmly clasped,
And well had used the whip and rein,
But further effort now were vain;
Another bound—a moment more—
And then the struggle all were o'er.
'Twas in a steep and rocky gorge

That onward came, with fearful clang,
Whose echoes round the mountain rang;
The frightened wolf in wild surprise
A moment paused—with glaring eyes
In terror gazed upon the flame,
Then backward fled the way he came.
Each wondering savage saw with fear
The charger come like frightened deer;
With weary gait, and heavy tramp,
The foaming steed dashed through the camp .
And onward up the valley bear
His queenly rider, brave and fair.
Still on, and on, through pathless wood—
They swim the Gauley's swollen flood,
And climb Mount Tompkins' lofty brow,
More wild and rugged far than now,
Still onward held their weary flight
Beyond the Hawk's Nest's giddy Height;
And often chased through lonely glen
By savage beast or savage man—
Thus like some weary, hunted dove
The woman sped through 'mountain Cove,'
The torrent crossed without a bridge,
And the heights of Sewell Ridge,
And still the wild, beleaguered road
With heavy tramp the charger trode,
Nor paused amid his weary flight
Throughout the long and dreary night.
And bravely rode the woman there,
Where few would venture, few would dare
Amid the cheering light of day
To tread the wild beleaguered way;
And as the morning came

“The succor thus so nobly sought,
To Charleston Fort was timely brought;
Whilst Justice, on the scroll of fame,
In letters bold, engraved her name.”

Gauley Bridge, Va., Nov. 7, 1861.

THE ALAMO; OR THE THERMOPYLÆ OF AMERICA.

Alamo, the Spanish for “poplar” tree, was the name of a celebrated fort at San Antonio, Texas. A small body of Texans, mostly from the United States, here bravely, and we might say hopelessly, resisted a Mexican force of many times their number, from February 11th to March 5th, 1836. Their only choice was to die in arms or as prisoners. One finally surrendered and was murdered. A Mrs. Dickinson, her child and a negro woman were all that survived.

Among the dead were Cols. Wm. B. Travis, David Crockett, and Bowie. Travis was wounded on the wall, and killed the Mexican that killed him. Crockett’s body was found surrounded by dead Mexicans. Bowie, who was sick, was murdered in bed.

In consequence of their heroic defense, Alamo is styled “The Thermopylæ of America.” It was the war-cry of Gen. Sam Houston’s men at San Jacinto, fought the month after the massacre at Alamo. When Santa Anna was brought a prisoner to Houston’s headquarters, the Texas soldiers, burning with revenge for his atrocities at Alamo, clamored for his life. But on his promise to use his influence for the recognition of Texan independence, his parole was taken. However, the cry of “Remember the Alamo,” in the charges made by Taylor and Scott’s men, long afterwards grated on his ears till he perhaps wished there had never been an Alamo.

“REMEMBER THE ALAMO.”

BY LARRY CHITTENDEN.

(From August No. of SOUTHERN LITERATURE.)

Fair Greece and Rome brave heroes knew,
But Texas has her heroes, too,
The men of Alamo!
That brave, courageous, noble band
Of Rangers in the Border Land

assumed airs of superiority. When persons called him Major, it seemed to displease him, and he would remonstrate: "Don't call me Major, I am nothing but Jake Warwick."

He was jovial in his disposition and extremely fond of innocent merriment. He delighted much in the society of young people, and even children. His pleasant words and kindly deeds to young people are vividly and affectionately remembered by all who ever knew him.

After the decease of his wife most of his time he passed at the home of Major Charles Cameron. He died at the breakfast table. When apoplexy came upon him he was merrily twitting Miss Phoebe Woods about her beau, young Mr. Beale. This occurred January, 1826, when he was nearing his eighty-third year. They

carried his venerable remains about a mile up the west bank of the Jackson's River, and in a spot reserved for family burial, he was buried. When the writer visited his grave several years since, the place seemed to be in danger of forgetfulness. A locust tree stood near it and marked the place. Since then it has been nicely and substantially enclosed, and the grave marked by a neatly sculptured marble. In that lonely, but beautiful, valley retreat, the strong, busy man has found repose, and there,

"Unheeded o'er his silent dust,
The storms of life may beat."

WM. T. PRICE.

Marlinton, West Va., }
July 28th, 1892.. }

HISTORY OF THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.—No. III.

BY HENRY W. BIGLER.

At last Governor Ford sent General John J. Harding with 400 militia to Nauvoo, but instead of making any arrests and assisting the sheriff, he dismissed him and informed our people that nothing could be done to protect them, for the mob were determined to drive them from the State, and therefore they must go.

Our people appealed to almost every governor in the United States, and to the President, to use their influence to stop the mob and establish us in our civil and religious rights, but I have yet to learn that there was a single invitation given for "Mormons" to remain within the States.

The work on the temple continued and was so far completed that on Monday, 6th October, a general conference was held in it and continued for three days, when it was agreed that the Church should leave and go to a country where they could enjoy the fruits of their labors, and to leave as soon as possible. As soon as conference closed, the whole Church began to make preparations to leave the country, not knowing where they were going; neither did we care much, only that it might be where we could worship Almighty God according to the dictates of our conscience without being mobbed for it, for I knew of no law the church had